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*Louis E. Baer*

# BRITISH WAR SONGS.

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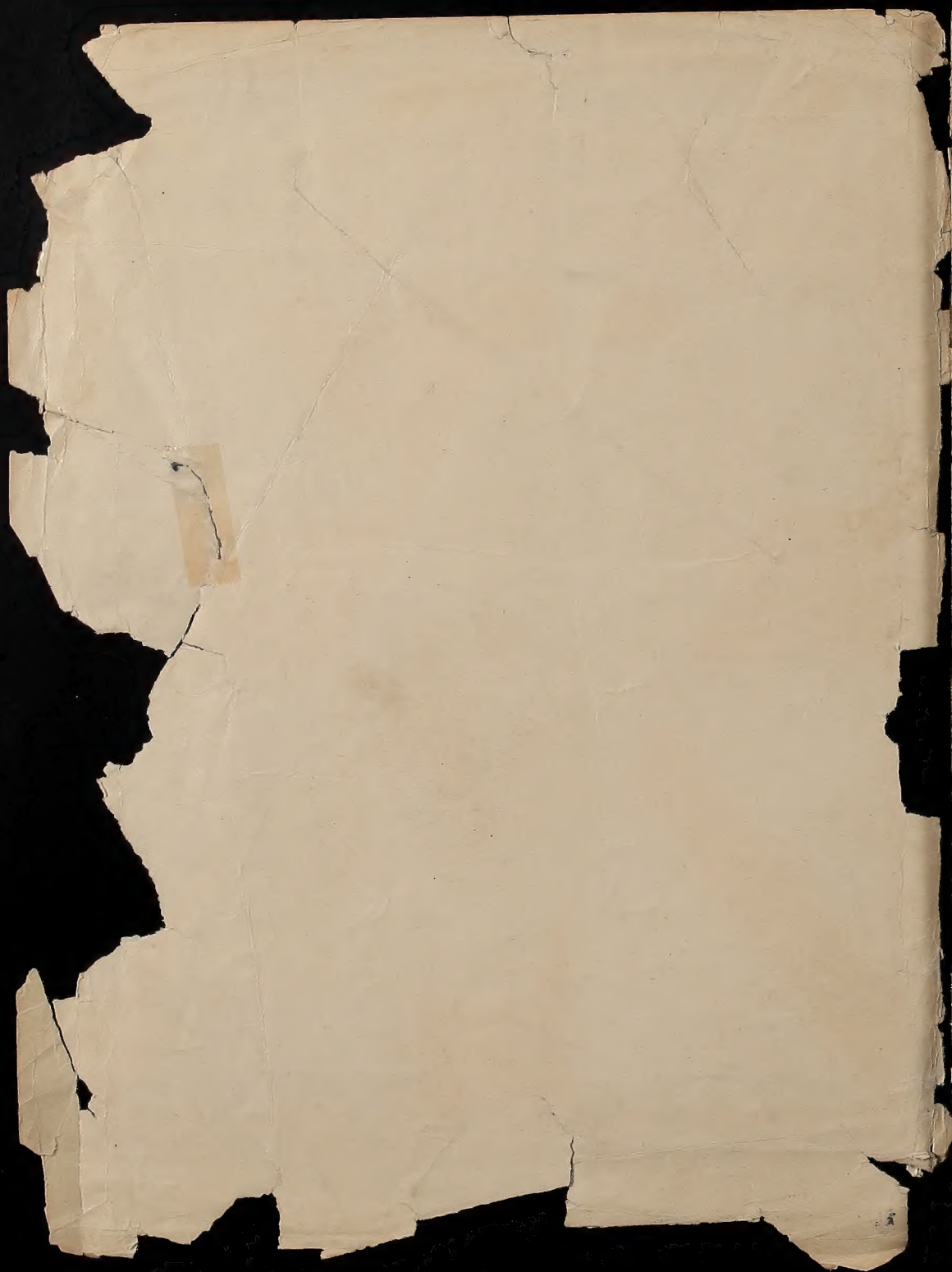
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THE Canadian-American Music Co. (Limited)

Department of Agriculture, D. & C.

MUSIC





# SHEARD'S BRITISH WAR SONG ALBUM.

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THE CANADIAN-AMERICAN MUSIC CO., Limited, Toronto.

LONDON:

CHAS. SHEARD & Co., Anglo-American Music Publishers, 196, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE,

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# THE UNION JACK OF OLD ENGLAND.

(NEW EDITION.)

Written and Composed by CHARLES WILLIAMS.

PIANO. *Moderato marcio.* *f marcato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a moderate, marching tempo. The left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes.

KEY G.

1. The thun - der of war is ra - ging all a - round, Fill - ing hearts with grave fear and dis - may, We

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in G major. The piano accompaniment is in a moderate tempo. The lyrics are: "1. The thun - der of war is ra - ging all a - round, Fill - ing hearts with grave fear and dis - may, We".

know not how soon the dread car - nage may end, Or peace once a - gain hold the sway; But our

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "know not how soon the dread car - nage may end, Or peace once a - gain hold the sway; But our".

dear lit - tle is - land can still feel se - cure, For in spite of all for - ces our foes may pro - cure, There's a

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dear lit - tle is - land can still feel se - cure, For in spite of all for - ces our foes may pro - cure, There's a".



flag, lads, that al - ways can float safe and sure, The U - nion Jack of Old Eng - land.

*f* CHORUS.

The flag that lights the sai - lor on his way, The flag that fills all our foes with dis - may, The

flag that al - ways has car - ried the day, The U - nion Jack of Old Eng - land. *D.C. to 8*

2 Old Kruger set his back up fine and large,  
And dared to defy us once more,  
But he very soon found that he would not get off  
As cheap as he got off before.  
The Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen there,  
Soon sent the old Boers double-quick to the rear,  
And carried the day with a rush, and a cheer  
For the Union Jack of Old England.

CHORUS—The flag that lights, &c.

3 The victory's theirs, where Anglo-Saxons go,  
There is not a doubt about that;  
And where won't they go to get at a foe?  
Let any who dare tell us that!  
They'll hand down the duty from father to son,  
To fight and to conquer till all the world's won,  
And the Stars and Stripes wave wide in the sun  
With the Union Jack of Old England.

CHORUS—The flag that lights, &c.

4 Our brothers and sons in lands across the sea  
Shall never by us be denied,  
For if they're oppressed and must fight for their right,  
Why then we will fight by their side!  
The Army, the Navy, the brave Volunteers  
From our Colonies loyal, will gladden their ears  
With shouts of revenge, and brave British cheers  
For the Union Jack of Old England.

CHORUS—The flag that lights, &c.



# THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

(NEW VERSION.)

By FELIX MC GLENNON, Author-Composer of "Sons of the Sea,"  
"Volunteer," "The Ship I Love," "Comrades," &c.

PIANO.

*Con spirito.*

*f*

*cres.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Con spirito' and the dynamics start at 'f' (forte) and increase with a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking.

KEY G.  $\frac{8}{8}$

*mf*

*cres.*

*f*

1. There's a flag proud-ly floats o'er each o-c-ean, 'Tis the flag of the brave and the free,..... It

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 8/8. The lyrics are: '1. There's a flag proud-ly floats o'er each o-c-ean, 'Tis the flag of the brave and the free,..... It'. The piano part includes markings for 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'cres.' (crescendo), and 'f' (forte). There are also some numerical markings like '8' and '9' in parentheses.

thrills Bri-ton's hearts with e - mo - tion, 'Tis worshipp'd by our kin-dred o'er the sea, Our

*p*

*cres.*

*f*

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'thrills Bri-ton's hearts with e - mo - tion, 'Tis worshipp'd by our kin-dred o'er the sea, Our'. The piano part includes markings for 'p' (piano), 'cres.' (crescendo), and 'f' (forte).

foe - men have trembled to be - hold it, As they've watch'd how our mighty Empire grew, By the

*p*

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics: 'foe - men have trembled to be - hold it, As they've watch'd how our mighty Empire grew, By the'. The piano part includes a 'p' (piano) marking.



blood of our sons we will up - hold it, Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

*cres.* *ff*

## CHORUS.

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, By the

*1st mf, 2nd ff*

blood of our sons we will up - hold it, Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue. Blue.

*cres.* *ff* *ff*

*1st. D.S. 4/4* *2nd.*

*f* *cres.* *D.S. 4/4*

2 Though at times it has met with disaster,  
Though against overwhelming odds we've reeled,  
Yet our hearts have beat firmer and faster,  
For Britons ne'er have learned the way to yield;  
Like the waves beaten back by rocky headland,  
By repulse we have gathered strength anew,  
And we've painted another piece of red land,  
O'er which floats the Red, White and Blue.

3 Then here's to the Queen, boys, God bless her,  
We'll conquer fresh lands for her to rule,  
No longer the foul Dutch oppressor  
Our free born sons of Brion may befooled;  
There's a flag-staff awaiting in Pretoria,  
There's a flag that will float on it anew,  
They must pay homage to their Queen Victoria,  
And bow to the Red, White and Blue.



# UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

Written by J. VERNON,

Composed by FRED COVNE.

KEY F.

*Moderato allegro.*

VOICE

PIANO.

1. I am a va - liant

sol - dier of the dash - ing light bri - gade, And of war's dread - ful hor - rors I

nev - er feel a - fraid; My com - rades are Bri - tan - nia's sons that nev - er, nev - er

yield, Who fight be - neath the Bri - tish Flag, up - on the bat - tle field.



CHORUS, and time *ff.*

Un - der the Bri - tish Flag, we'll fight our way to glo - ry! Un - der the Bri - tish

*mf*

Flag, we'll con - quer or we'll die! Un - der the Bri - tish Flag, we'll

*ff* *mf*

win the bat - tle sure - ly, For "vic - t'ry" and "Old Eng - land" shall be our bat - tle cry.

*cres.* *ff*

## 2.

When war trumpets are sounded we are first to leave the land,  
We bid good-bye to all that's dear with a kiss and a shake of the hand,  
Then off to meet and fight the foe, upon some foreign shore,  
To gain a vict'ry for the land, we never may see more.

CHORUS—Under the British Flag, &c.

## 3.

When fortune on our forces frowns and the foe may hold the field,  
Like Britons we do charge and charge, until we make them yield,  
But 'midst the dying and the dead, the carnage and the slaughter,  
We're first to help a dying foe, and give the enemy quarter.

CHORUS—Under the British Flag, &c.



# GOOD NEWS FROM THE WAR.

Written by HORACE LENNARD.

(NEW VERSION.)

Composed by TOM MAGUIRE.  
KEY F.

VOICE. *f*

PIANO. *ff*

1. The

*p* *cres.*

sol - diers of Eng-land are in a for-eign land, They're fight-ing for their coun-try 'gainst foes on ev-'ry hand, While

*p* *f*

we at home are wait-ing— ex-pect-ant-ly we stand For news, good news from the war.....

*mf*

Tales of dis-as-ter have oft-en come our way, But we nev-er gave up hope, we have nev-er known dis-may, The

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CHORUS. 84

Shout, boys, a song of ju-bi-la-tion, Ring out the news from shore to shore ;..... Hip! hip! hip! hooray!

| s . m : r . d | s : | t : l | l : s : | f . r : l , . t , | d : | f . r : l , . t , | d : |

there has come to-day Good news, good news! good news from the war! good news from the war!

*1st.* *2nd.*

The wives and the sweethearts, the loving mothers too,  
At first can scarce believe it, 'tis too good to be true,  
For often disappointment as weeks have passed, they knew,  
Wanting good news from the war.  
See 'tis official! there is no room for doubt,  
And our hearts are all aglow, while the tears will trickle out,  
A victory is won, the foe is put to rout,  
Glorious, good news from the war!

**CHORUS**—Shout, boys, a song of jubilation, &c.

The same now and ever our history has been,  
At first we seem defeated, but up we bob serene,  
And soon we'll have to welcome the soldiers of the Queen  
When they march home from the war,  
Sons of the Empire, all one in heart and mind,  
You're a match for all the world when like brothers you're combined,  
And soon we hope to hear that terms of peace are signed,  
That's the best news from the war.

CHORUS—Shout, boys, a song of jubilation, &c.



## A SOLDIER AND A MAN.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accomps., in the MUSICAL BOUQUET, No. 7433. Price 3d.

Music by JOS. W. GARLAND.

Words by FRANK PIERI.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

*f maestoso.* *cres.* *p*

1. A sol - dier stood on the bat - tle field, His wea - ry watch to  
 2. The night watch o'er, the morn has dawn'd, Her light on earth to

*rall.* *f* *p*

leep,..... While the pale moon co-ver'd her man-tle o'er, The souls that 'neath her sleep..... "Ah  
 shew,..... And the sol-dier, true to his coun-try's call, Ad-van-ces to meet the foe..... A.

me! he sigh'd, with tear-ful eye, And call'd on him a-bove;..... "I'm  
 - mid the din of shot and shell, He fought with heart so brave..... Till,

far a-way from my chil-dren dear, And all on earth I love!" At the  
 reel-ing from his faith-ful steed, He found a sol-dier's grave! Oh!

bu - gle sound, he turn'd once more The bat - tle field to scan, And  
Fa - ther, who in heav'n a - bove Hath all things in thy spau, Ro -

said, "I am what e'er my fate, A sol - dier and a man!"  
- mem - ber him who yields his life, is a sol - dier and a man!

The bu - gle call'd,..... he hasten'd forth,..... The bra - vest in..... the bat - tle's van!..... Re -

*rall.* *ad lib.*  
- mem - ber him who yields his life..... He is a sol - dier and a man.....  
*p* *colla voce.*

*f* *D.C.*



# COMBINED WE'RE A MATCH FOR THE WORLD.

Written by OSWALD ALLAN.  
*Tempo di marcia.*

Composed by ALERED LEE.

PIANO. *f*

KEY G.

*p*

1. Some think that the sun of Bri-tan-nia has set That her glo-ry's each day on the

wane; But the brave An-glo Sax-ons are pa-ra-mount yet, And her re-cord of old will main-

*f* *p*

*d.f.s.E.*

-tain. Great Bri-tain, and still "Great-er Bri-tain" a-far, To des-truc-tion will nev-er be

*f* *mf*

G.m.l.

hurled, And the fame of our names will shine bright as a star, For combined we're a match for the world.....

*f* *ff*

CHORUS.

Com-bined we're a match for the world, And when - ev - er our flags are un-furled, To the

*mf* *cres.*

Ang-lo Sax - on race, Shall the foe-men all give place, For com-bined we're a match for the world.

*cres.* *ff* *D.C. to 6*

2 Mother England hath children, young, sturdy, and strong,  
In her Colonies wealthy, and vast;  
Worthy sons of the sires who have e'er hated wrong,  
And who'll stick to the ship to the last.  
Be the foe who he may, let him pause ere the fight,  
Though his lip in disdain may be curled;  
For he'll find when we strike for our homes and the right,  
That combined we're a match for the world.

CHORUS—Combined we're a match, &amp;c.

3 Last of all, but not least, in the glorious West,  
Some American cousins we own,  
Men who speak the same tongue, of all allies the best,  
Who will *not* see John Bull overthrown!  
With the Eagle and Lion united for aye,  
We can laugh at all dangers in store,  
For we'll shatter the foe, to the dust in the fray,  
As our forefathers beat him of yore!

CHORUS—Combined we're a match, &amp;c.

4 Then with England, America, linked hand in hand,  
And our Colonies firm by our side,  
We'll have never a fear, for our dear native land,  
Which to guard is the true Briton's pride.  
Let them come when they list, we shall be undismayed,  
With our brotherhood's banners unfurled;  
And the might of our arms shall once more be displayed,  
For combined we're a match for the world.

CHORUS—Combined we're a match, &amp;c.



# THE LEGACY OF FAME.

Words by OSWALD ALLAN.  
*Tempo di marcia.*

Music by BENJAMIN BARROW.

PIANO. *f* *cres.*

The piano introduction is in C major, 2/4 time. It begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, gradually building up to a full chordal texture. The melody in the right hand is a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

KEY C.  
1. Our an - ces - tors be - queathed to us A Le - ga - cy of Fame, That makes Bri - tan - nia,

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line is in C major, 2/4 time, and the piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. Our an - ces - tors be - queathed to us A Le - ga - cy of Fame, That makes Bri - tan - nia,"

o'er the world, A proud and hon - our'd name; The he - ri - tage of

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "o'er the world, A proud and hon - our'd name; The he - ri - tage of". The piano accompaniment includes triplets in the right hand.

an - cient ti - nes We'll guard with cou - rage bold, And

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "an - cient ti - nes We'll guard with cou - rage bold, And". The piano accompaniment includes triplets in the right hand and a crescendo marking.

add fresh lau - rels of re - nown Un - to the ones of

old! Old Eng - land, dear old Eng - land's as va - liant as of yore, On

land or sea, where - e'er it be, we'll prove it as be - fore, With lion..... hearts a -

- round..... her, fear not de - feat or shame, While Bri - tons guard their sa - cred trust "The



**CHORUS.**

Le - ga - cy of Fame." Old Eng - land, dear old Eng - land's as va - liant as of  
 yore, On land or sea, where - e'er it be, we'll prove it as be -  
 fore, With lion..... hearts a - round..... her, fear not de - feat nor  
 shame, While Bri - tons guard their sa - cred trust, "The Le - ga - cy of Fame."

2 From Agincourt to Inkerman,  
 The Anglo-Saxon scroll  
 Of triumphs ne'er shall tarnished be  
 As long as ages roll;  
 And while the old time spirit burns  
 With ceaseless steady flame,  
 Will sturdy Britons yet preserve  
 "The Legacy of Fame!"  
 CHORUS—Old England, &c.

3 Foes taunt the Lion with his age,  
 But they had best refrain,  
 Lest in his wrath, he shake them off,  
 Like dew drops from his mane;  
 If England's left alone in peace,  
 We'll leave the world the same,  
 Reliant on the pluck of old—  
 "Our Legacy of Fame!"  
 CHORUS—Old England, &c

## HEARTS OF OAK.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompa, full Music size, in No. 2026 of the Musical Bouquet. Price 3d.

Composed by DR. BORO.

VOICE. *Boldly.* 1. Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to

PIANO. *f* *mf*

glo - ry we steer, To add something more to this won - der - ful year; To ho - nour we call you, Not press you like slaves, For

who are so free as we sons of the waves? Hearts of oak are our ships! Hearts of oak are our men! We al - ways are re - dy;

Steady, boys, steady; We'll fight and we'll con-quer a - gain and a - gain.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to  
stay;  
They never see us but they wish us away;  
If they run, why we follow, and run them  
ashore,  
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more!  
Hearts of oak, &c.

They vow they'll invade us, if all lose their lives,  
But that scarcely frightens our children and  
wives;  
But should their screw steamers in darkness  
get o'er,  
Free Britons they'll find to receive them on  
shore!  
Hearts of oak, &c.

Our rifles are ready our rights to maintain—  
Like their sires, be victorious again and again;  
Then cheer up, my lads, let them come if they  
mean,  
And we'll all fight like Britons for Country and  
Queen!  
Hearts of oak, &c.



# WHY ROUSE THE BRITISH LION?

Written by FRANK W. GREEN.  
*Con spirito.*

Composed by ALFRED LEE.

PIANO.

KEY G.

1. What means this talk of war and strife, Say do they think 'twill scare us, With

taunts and threats, the air is rife, As though they mean to dare us, With

war-like words much noise they make, Re-ly-ing on their num-bers, They'd

*rall.*

bet - ter think be - fore they wake, The Li - on from his slum - bers!

*cres.*

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Why rouse the Bri - tish Li - on, Why from his slum - ber take him, Al -

*mf*

- though in peace he's sleep - ing now, Be - ware how you a - wake him.

*cres.* *f*

2 The British Lion's fond of peace  
He does not envy others,  
He'd have all cruel wars to cease  
And all men, friends and brothers,  
A foe to none, he's disinclined  
The peaceful link to sever,  
But only rouse him and they'll find,  
He'll fight as well as ever.

CHORUS—Why rouse, &c.

3 Against the world old England stood,  
And bore the shock and rattle,  
Because she knew her cause was good,  
She fought and won the battle;  
And now we've tars and soldiers too,  
With hearts both brave and steady,  
Who do not pant for war, 'tis true,  
But who are ever ready.

CHORUS—Why rouse, &c.

4 The Lion throws no gauntlet down,  
He does not wish for fighting,  
Already has he gained renown,  
The wrongs of others righting,  
Let evil doers still beware,  
How ever great their numbers  
The Lion sleeps within his lair,  
Don't rouse him from his slumbers.

CHORUS—Why rouse, &c.



# THE BONNIE SOLDIER-LADDIE.

Written and Composed by GEORGE WARE.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *mf* *cres.* *f*

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics range from mezzo-forte (mf) to forte (f), with a crescendo (cres.) in the middle.

KEY ED.

1. My love he's a sol-dier in lands far a-way, A light-heart-ed lad - die so cheer-ful and gay, And

*mp*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in B-flat major, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "1. My love he's a sol-dier in lands far a-way, A light-heart-ed lad - die so cheer-ful and gay, And". The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, consisting of chords and single notes. The dynamic is mezzo-piano (mp).

when he returns, he's go-ing me to wed, So I love my sol-dier-lad-die, with his jack-et so red; He has

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody with lyrics: "when he returns, he's go-ing me to wed, So I love my sol-dier-lad-die, with his jack-et so red; He has". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

fine ro-sy cheeks, he's a braw handsome lad, The pride of his mo-ther, the joy of his dad; For his

*mf* *cres.*

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody with lyrics: "fine ro-sy cheeks, he's a braw handsome lad, The pride of his mo-ther, the joy of his dad; For his". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and a crescendo (cres.).

ways are so win-ning, and I'll wait a-while, For my sol-dier-lad-die of the rank and file.

*mp*

## CHORUS.

Then with co-lours fly-ing and ban-ners so gay, A-long with my lad-die I will march a-way, For his

*mf*

ways are so win-ning, and I'll wait a-while, For my sol-dier lad-die of the rank and file.

*cres.* *mf*

- 2 'Tis a year since he left, and bid me adieu,  
He will not deceive me, he loves me too true,  
And I love the laddie, and I'm longing to see  
My soldier returning, then he'll marry me;  
But a day seems a month, and a month seems a year,  
When longing for your true lover's voice to hear;  
But his ways are so winning, and he'll soon be back,  
And have lots of treasures for me in his knapsack.

CHORUS—Then with colours, &c.

- 3 He sent me a letter, each word breathing love,  
Comparing my eyes to the bright stars above;  
He speaks of promotion, but he'll wait awhile,  
Ere he's made a general from the rank and file.  
But whether a private or a K.C.B.  
I don't care a fig, if he still loves me;  
For his ways are so winning, and he'll soon be home,  
Then all o'er the world with my laddie I'll roam.

CHORUS—Then with colours, &c.



# THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

Writen by ALBERT HALL.  
*Tempo di marcia.*

Composed by GEORGE LE BRUNN.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F#, and G. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords. The piece ends with a double bar line and a final G note in the treble staff.

KEY G.

1. 'Twas years a - go, when life was new! I gai - ly donn'd the red and blue! And off to  
2. Down came the foe with sa - bres high, Came ten to one but did we fly? Fly! when did

The vocal melody is in the treble staff, with lyrics written below it. The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The piece ends with a double bar line.

fight boys for home and Queen, My corps was or - der'd to an Eas - tern scene; In dead - ly  
of Bri - tish race Re - fuse nn - count - ed odds of foes to face. Our co - lours

The vocal melody is in the treble staff, with lyrics written below it. The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The piece ends with a double bar line.

fight fell firm stood each son, Ay, firm as rock, we fought and won, When I re -  
in that wild dash, Fell midst the flame of sa - bres flash, I won them

The vocal melody is in the treble staff, with lyrics written below it. The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The piece ends with a double bar line.

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turn'd back from wars a-larm, I'd won the cross, and lost my arm.....  
 at lit-tle cost, For but this pal-try arm was lost.....

*cres.* *f*

## CHORUS.

It's an emp - ty sleeve, yes, an emp - ty sleeve, Tell-ing its stir - ring sto - ry, For the

*p*

arm was cleft, and the arm was left On a field of Bri - tish glo - ry; But I

*cres.*

don't cry o'er the emp - ty sleeve, It's on-ly the foes who grieve,..... For ma-ny an

*p* *cres.* *mf*

emp - ty sad-dle, my lads, Was the price of this emp - ty sleeve,..... It's an sleeve,.....

*1st.* *2nd.*

*f*

V.S. for 3rd vers.



*mf* *cres.*

3. When I re-turn'd to the land of my birth, Back to the dear old farm,.....

*p* *cres.*

"Mo - ther," I cried, "do not weep o'er your son, He's won glo - ry and lost an arm."..... She

*cres.*

kiss'd me so soft - ly, her eyes full of pride, And said as she strok'd my hair,..... Ah! it's

*cres.* *cres.*

*Repeat Chorus.*

bet - ter to sigh o'er an emp - ty sleeve Than to weep o'er a va - cant chair.....

*cres.* *cres.*

# WE'RE AUSTRALIANS BUT STILL BRITANNIA'S SONS.

Written and Composed by HARRY LEIGHTON.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *ff* *cres.*

KEY D.

*p*

I re - pre - sent my na - tive land, a land that's dear to me; Aus -

tra - li - a, a col - o - ny of Eng - land o'er the sea, In

spite of what the world may say, Aus - tra - li - ans a - dore The

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dear old mo-ther coun-try, yes, they're Bri - tons to the core. Long years a - go when

for-eign trade broke many an En - glish home, And caused the true - born Bri - ton from his

na - tive land to roam; Yet though our fa - thers had to seek fresh homes a - cross the

main, Our love for proud Bri - tan-nia we'll be glad to prove a - gain.

## CHORUS.

Why should we turn our backs up-on the land that gave us birth? Why should we turn our backs up-on the

*2nd time ff and 8va.*

dear - est spot on earth? No pau - per a - li - ens can drive us from our guns,

*cres.*

Though we're Aus - tra - li - ans, we're still Bri - tan - nia's sons, sons.

*1st.* *2nd.*

2 'Twas not alone the craze for gold that caused brave Englishmen  
To settle down and colonize in Australasia then,  
All honour's due to those who stood up for Britannia's cause,  
And fixed their flag on other soil, adhering all her laws,  
We're rich enough to claim our proper independency,  
But while our Queen is on the throne, we've no wish to be free;  
We can't stand by and calmly hear those angry threats of wars,  
For recollect Victoria is our Queen as well as yours.

CHORUS—Why should we, &c.

3 Can England be in danger whilst Australia stands by  
Her sons all ready for the dear old flag to fight and die.  
Let other nations brag and sneer, we'll show where reason fails  
There's lots of pluck and muscle in the boys of New South Wales,  
Tho' foreign countries say that we'll soon throw off Britain's yoke,  
And claim Australia as our own, those lies all end in smoke.  
We still have English hearts and if a war they should declare  
You only have to say the word—Australia will be there.

CHORUS—Why should we, &c.



## PRIVATE SMITH OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

Words by Rev. CHAS. C. ELCUM, M.A.

Key C. *Moderato.*

Music by PICCOLOMINI.

VOICE. *Vivace.* r. There's a wor-thy Vol-un-tee known as Smith, He's a

PIANO. *f* *p* Ped. \*

| s . s : s . s | s : l . t | d' : | : s . s | d' . d' : t . t | l : r . r | d' . d' : t . t | l : r |

pa-tri-ot, it's clear, no-ble Smith! Yes, a qui-et lit-tle man, But an en-e-my he'd tan; De-

Ped. \* Ped. v \* Ped. v \*

| d' . d' : t . l | r' : l . t | s : - | : s . s | fe . fe : m . m | r . : l . t | s : | : s . s |

-ride him if you can, pluck-y Smith! He is thin up-on the crown, fa-ther Smith! And his

*cres.* *mf* Ped. v • Ped. v •

| fe . fe : m . m | r . : l . t | : | : t . t | m' . r' : d' . t | l . : l . l | r' . d' : t . l | t . : t . t |

chest is slipping down, pod-gy Smith! His mous-tache is ra-ther grey, But you would-n't like to say That the

*cres.* Ped. v • Ped. v •

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CHORUS. *Tempo di marcia.*

CHORUS. *Tempo di marcia.*

1 1 : 1 , 1 | 1 1 : 1 t | s : : || s | s : 1 t | d' : t 1 | 1 : s | s : m f | s : 1 t | d' : t 1 |

old dog's had his day, would you Smith? Three cheers for Volunteers like lit-tle Smith! For our country we've no fears when

*rall.* *mf*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*largamente.* *a tempo.*

she has Smith, We can cul-ti-vate our crops, We can bargain in our shops, We can eat our mutton chops, thanks to Smith!

*f*

Ped. *v* Ped. *v* *v* \* Ped. \* Ped. *v* \* Ped. \*

- 2 If he's short, he's firmly set, solid Smith !  
And his calves are growing yet, springy Smith !  
For at exercise and drill,  
He's enthusiastic still,  
Going at it with a will, puffing Smith !  
Though he likes to march to church, sabbath Smith !  
He'll not leave us in the lurch, proper Smith !  
No ! it isn't all parade,  
With accoutrements displayed,  
For of real grit he's made, sterling Smith !

- 3 If just now and then he struts, swagger Smith !  
 You should watch him at the butts, patient Smith !  
     If at soldiering he plays,  
     He gives up his holidays,  
 And for many rounds he pays, generous Smith !  
 To manœuvres he will tramp, plodding Smith !  
 Every year he goes to camp, thorough Smith !  
     If his tent be wringing wet,  
     The lumbago he may get,  
 But you'll never hear him fret, cheery Smith !

- 4 British tars are ever brave—brave as Smith !  
I've no fears how they'll behave, nor has Smith !  
    But torpedoes in a wink,  
    All our ironclads may sink,  
What a comfort then to think, we have Smith !  
" In our army we've good stuff," so says Smith !  
" But we haven't got enough ! " mutters Smith !  
    Right away they'd have to pack,  
    And we mightn't 'et 'em back,  
Things would look uncommon black, but for Smith !

- 5 For a moment we'll suppose (listen Smith I)  
We're invaded by our foes (mark me, Smith I)  
To your home you'll bid good-bye,  
With a moisture in your eye,  
And you'll drive 'em out, or die!—Won't you Smith?  
If your cartridges gave out, grimy Smith!  
You'd give one defiant shout, baffled Smith!  
Then your teeth you'd firmly set,  
And you'd fix the bayonet,  
And you'd send it home, you bet! tiger Smith!

- 6 He may wonder what he gains, honest Smith !  
 In return for all his pains, dogged Smith !  
     Well, for far too many years,  
     He had snubs and he had sneers ;  
 —None the less he perseveres ! Bravo Smith !  
 If "conscription" is a word, Monsieur Smith !  
 That we Britons haven't heard, Herr Von Smith !  
     It's high time the nation knew  
     Where the credit for it's due,  
 For it's only thanks to you ! Bless you, Smith !

- 7 But I'm glad to say at last, modest Smith !  
That the evil day has passed, smiling Smith !  
It has pleased our gracious Queen,  
That a decoration green  
On your breast may now be seen, V.D. Smith !  
For the badge let's give three cheers ! And for Smith !  
May he wear it many years, good old Smith !  
It's been honourably won ;  
And, when service days are done,  
May he pass it to his son—baby Smith !



## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

*Maestoso.*

PIANO.

## KEY B♭. SOPRANO SOLO.

*mf*

God save Vic - to - ri - a! Long live Vic - to - ri - a! God save the Queen.

## CHORUS.

*ff*

God save Vic - to - ri - a! Long live Vic - to - ri - a! God save the Queen.

## SOPRANO SOLO.

*mf*

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.

## CHORUS.

| s : s : s | s : - f : m | f : f : f | f : - m : r | m : f : m : r : d | m : - f : s | l : s : f : m : r | d : - : ||  
 | s : s : s | s : s : s | s : s : s | s : s : s | s : d : t : d | s : f : d | d : t : l : s : s | s : - : ||  
 Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.  
 | m : m : m | m : - r : d | r : r : r | r : - d : t : s : f : s : s | d : d : d | d : r : m : f | m : - : ||  
 | d : m : s | d : s : d | s : t : r | s : d : s | d : t : l : s : f : m | d : t : s : m : f | s : s | d : - : ||  
 ff

2 Thy choicest gifts in store  
 On her be pleased to pour,  
 Long may she reign !  
 May she defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
 God save the Queen.

3 O Lord our God arise,  
 Scatter her enemies  
 And make them fall.  
 Confound their politics,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
 On her our hopes we fix,  
 O save us all !

## Additional Vers.

O Lord our rights maintain  
 While Great Victoria's reign  
 Steadfast prevails.  
 Let her Thy blessings share,  
 And with Almighty care  
 Guard England's Rightful Heir,  
 The Prince of Wales.

## RULE BRITANNIA!

Music by Dr. ARNE.

*Ben marcato.*  
 PIANO.  
 f  
 When Bri - tain first . . . at Heav'n's com - mand, A - rose . . . . . from out the  
 mf  
 sf

a - - - rare main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - rare main,

*cres.*

This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And guar - dian an - - - gels

*mf sf sf sf*

sing this strain, Rule Bri - tan - nia, Bri - tan - nia rule the waves,

*mf sf sf*

Bri - tons ne - - - ver shall be slaves.

*sf ff*

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Rule Britannia, &c

The muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
Blest isle with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
Rule Britannia, &c



# IT'S THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE AGAINST THE WORLD.

(Sung by CHARLES GODFREY.)

Written by ALBERT HALL.

Composed by ORLANDO POWELL.

PIANO.

*ff* *cr. 23.*

**KEY A.**  
|| s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> „s<sub>1</sub> |

r. Link'd by four long cen - tu - ries Are the

l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | r : d | t<sub>1</sub> : — | — : | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> „s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . d | t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> : | s<sub>1</sub> „l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> „d | r : re |

An - glo - Sax - on race,..... Sons of the sires who in days gone by, Would the whole world dare to

l<sub>1</sub> m : — | — : m | m : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : m | m „r : l<sub>1</sub> „m | r : — r | „t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> „s<sub>1</sub> | f s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> „s<sub>1</sub> |

face;..... And should one son for right be forced to fight, We care not how the quar - rel did be -

*mf*

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gin..... We on - ly know that the An - glo-Sax - on fights, And we're bound to see the An - glo-Sax - on

*f* *cres.*

REFRAIN.

win..... Would you know the rea - son why..... The boys they all stand by!.....

*f* *cres.* *ff*

CHORUS.

We're bro - thers of the self - same race..... Speak - ers of the self - same tongue..... With the

*p and ff*

same brave hearts that feel no fears, From fight - ing sires of a thou - sand years; Folks, say,

*cres.*

*f* *de* *m* *r* : *r* *t* : *l* *s* : *l* : *m* : — : *m* : *f* *s* : *d* *t* :

"What will Bri-tain do, Will she rest with ban-ners furl'd?"..... No! no!! no!!! When we

*l* *l* *de* : *r* *m* : *f* : *m* : *f* *s* : *m* : *r* *d* : *l* *d* : *t* *r* *d* : — : *r* *d* : — : — :

go to meet the foe It's the English-speaking race a-against the world ..... We're world.....

*1st time.* *2nd time.*

*f* *ff* *ff*

2.

Linked by the love of liberty  
Are the Anglo-Saxons strong;  
Reared where the sons of the earth are free  
Cradled with the same sweet song,  
In humanity's cause we've ever stood,  
Breathing peace and goodwill unto man;  
But must we fight in the cause of truth and right,  
You'll find the whole race in the battle's van.

## REFRAIN.

And that's just the reason why  
The boys now all stand by!  
*Repeat Chorus.*

3.

Linked by a higher power than earth  
Are the Anglo-Saxon sons;  
Other races try to copy them  
In their methods, ships, and guns,  
But what use the weapons or their ships,  
Their methods or their tactics, when,  
Whilst they're only building ships and guns,  
The Anglo-Saxon's building both—and *Mus?*

## REFRAIN.

Men of that race so high  
Who all the world defy.  
*Repeat Chorus.*



# AMERICA LOOKING ON.

Words by ALBERT HALL.

Music by J. E. RIDSDALE.

KEY C, *Marcia.*

|| s | s :-l | t :d' | r' :-d' | m :-f |

VOICE.

1. Once more, John Bull, the dogs of war your

PIANO.

*Marcia.* *f* *Till ready.* *p* *Marcia.* *p*

lads stand up to face, And I come with a message from the brothers of your race; To say, that tho' the

*cres.* *p*

quar-rel's yours, we shall not in - ter - fere: Should o - thers in - ter - fere with you, 'twill cost them ve - ry dear. By

*cres.*

ties of blood u - ni - ted, are we An - glo Sax - ons strong; Linked by the love of lib - er - ty, and cra - dled with its

*rall.* *f* *cres.* *p colla voce.* *cres.*

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*C. a tempo.*

song: So if foes think A - mer - i - ca stands by whilst they pre-pare, Go tell them, tho' she's look-ing on,—she

*p a tempo.* *cres.*

CHORUS. *Marcia. mf*

look with bayo-nets bare! A - mer - i - ca's still look-ing on, And wish-ing success to you, John; You

*ff Marcia. mf*

need neither guns nor pelf, You can man-age the foe "by your-self: A - mer - i - ca's still look-ing on, But

*cres.*

rea-dy with mon-ey and men, If an - y one else in - ter-feres, John, You won't find us look-ing on then!.....

*cres.* *cres.* *f*

2.

When Cuban patriots groaned beneath their Spanish tyrants sway,  
The same as your Utianders 'neath Boer tyranny to-day,  
These words "Go on America," came to your Kinsmen true,  
We cheered alike, the Stars and Stripes, and your Red, White,  
and Blue;

And when we went we heard John Bull speak out to all the world,  
If you should interfere, don't think I'll sleep with Banners furled,  
And we sha'n't do the less for you, when foes are drawing nigh?  
No! though America stands by, it's you she's standing by!

CHORUS—So America's still looking on, &amp;c.

3.

We're brothers of the self-same race, we speak the self-same tongue,  
Around our homestead fires at night the self-same songs are sung,  
The tongue that links the glorious race all o'er the boundless foam,  
The tongue in which our babies lisp their prayers at home sweet home;

And shall the race stand by and see one part go to the wall,  
Be sure the youngsters ne'er will see the elder brother fall,  
So now, John Bull, we're standing by and looking on the fray,  
The reason we are looking, is to see you have fair play.

CHORUS—Though America's still looking on, &amp;

# THE LION HEARTS OF ENGLAND.

Words by OSWALD ALLAN.  
*Con spirito.*

Music by ALFRED LEE.

PIANO.

KEY A.

*f* s : f m r : d , t , l : t , d s : d m s : m r d : r m r : — : m , f |

1. Tho' the storm-cloud of strife, That with dan - ger is rife, Ho - vers black o'er the awe-strick-en world; Yet se -

s : f m r : d , t , l : t , d s : m m r : f e m r : d , l s : — : m , f |

- cure in our might, We will cling to the right, And for that shall our flag be un-furled. Tho' the

s : s , f m r : m f : f m r : d , r m : f m r : d , d s : — : s , s |

foe - man may sneer We have taught him to fear, So we calm - ly can smile at his threat; But he



best had be-ware Ere at-tack us he dare, For our Li-on Hearts have all their cou-rage yet.....

*cres.* *ff*

## CHORUS.

The Li-on Hearts of Eng-land have all the pluck of yore, And tho' the tempest threatens They are true un-to the core; They've

*f* *cres.*

taught the foe to dread our blow! And can do so once more: The Li-on Hearts of England who de-fend Britannia's shore.

*cres.*

2 Thro' the Records of Fame can the world trace the name  
 Of the Island where Freedom's enthroned,  
 In the red page of War, Britain shines like a star,  
 And as Queen of the Ocean is owned.  
 As we've done in the past, so we will to the last,  
 With a will that is strong as our arm,  
 Be the odds what they may, we will win in the fray,  
 For our Lion Hearts will never feel alarm.

CHORUS—The Lion Hearts, &c.

3 Then a toast and a cheer for the land we revere,  
 Yes, Albion the place of our birth,  
 Our own dear Island home, round which white billows foam  
 And encircle this bright spot of earth.  
 And should war come in time, still with valour sublime  
 We will strike for our freedom and rights,  
 And the world we defy, for with trust we rely  
 On the Lion Hearts who've won a thousand fights.

CHORUS—The Lion Hearts, &c.

# VICTORIA: EMPRESS-QUEEN.

(NATIONAL SONG.)

Words by HORACE LENNARD.

Composed by CHARLES WILLIAMS.

*Marziale.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B-flat2, and C3, then a half note D3, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef accompaniment starts with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B-flat2, and C3, then a half note D3, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with dynamic markings *f* (forte) and *cres.* (crescendo) appearing. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass clef.

KEY E♭.

The vocal and piano accompaniment is written in two systems. The first system shows the vocal melody in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "1. 'God save the Queen!' has been our cho - rus, Our pa - tri - o - tic pray'r and song, Her". The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "reign, with right and jus - tice o'er us, Has been both glo - ri - ous and long; ..... Her". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The third system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "king - dom she has made im - pe - ri - al, And Prin - ces bow be - fore her name, For". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass clef.

*mf*

o'er the sea in dis-tant In-di-a As Em-press, all her power pro-claim.

CHORUS.

Then hail, Vic-to-ri-a, Hail, Vic-to-ri-a, Queen of Eng-land and Em-press of

*rall.*

In-di-a, Hail, Vic-to-ri-a, Hail, Vic-to-ri-a, In-di-a's Em-press and Eng-land's

*rall.*

Queen.

*f* *cres.* *ff*

2.

With love she rules a mighty nation,  
And binds her people round her throne,  
Commands their loyal adoration,  
And makes their joys and griefs her own;  
Each colony and each dominion,  
And every country 'neath her sway,  
Despite all partisan opinion,  
Their loving homage to her pay.  
Then hail, Victoria, &c.

3.

Where'er the English tongue is spoken,  
Where'er our standard is unfurled,  
In bonds of brotherhood unbroken  
Our Empire stands before the world;  
And when we sing "All hail, Victoria!"  
Best monarch that all time has seen,  
We honour her as India's Empress,  
But love her best as England's Queen!  
Then hail, Victoria, &c.



# THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

Words and Music by MARY M. CAMPBELL.  
In moderate time and with animation.

Arranged by FINLAY DUN.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a melody in D major, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'moderate time and with animation'.

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The right hand features a more active melody with some triplets, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment.

KEY D.

The first line of the song, featuring a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1, There's ma - ny a man of the Cam - er - on clan, That has". The key signature is D major, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#).

The second line of the song, featuring a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fol - low'd his chief to the field;..... He has sworn to sup - port him or". The piano part includes a crescendo marking (*cres.*) towards the end of the line.

die by his side, For a Cam - er - on nev - er can yield,.....

*cres.*

REFRAIN.

I hear the pie - broch sound - ing, sound - ing Deep o'er the moun - tain and glen,..... While

*mf*

light-spring-ing foot-steps are tramp-ling the heath, 'Tis the march of the Cam - er - on men,..... 'Tis the

*cres.*

march,..... 'tis the march,..... 'tis the march of the Cam - er - on men,.....

*f* *f* *cres.*

2 Oh, proudly they walk but each Cameron knows,  
He may tread on the heather no more;  
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,  
Where his laurels were gathered before.  
REFRAIN—I hear the piebroch, &c.

3 The moon has arisen, it shines on that path  
Now trod by the gallant and true;  
High, high are their hopes for their chieftain has said,  
That whatever men dare they can do.  
REFRAIN—I hear the piebroch, &c.

## HER LAD IN THE SCOTCH BRIGADE.

(NEW VERSION.)

KEY F. *Moderato*.

Written and Composed by J. F. MITCHELL.

VOICE. *p*

1. On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad and his las-sie; The lads' name was Geor-die, the las-sie's was

PIANO.

Jean; She flung her arms round him, and cried, "do not leave me!" For Geor-die was go-ing to fight for his

*cres.*

Queen. She gave him a look of her bright au-burn tress-es, She kiss'd him and press'd him once more to her

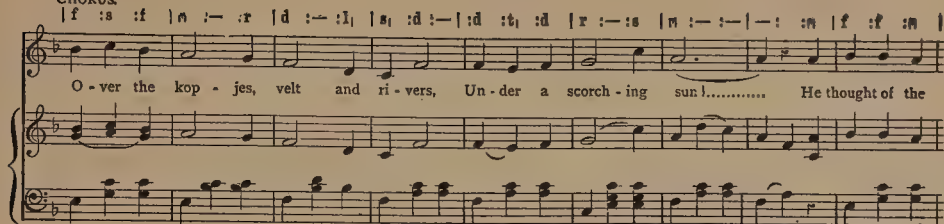
*mf*

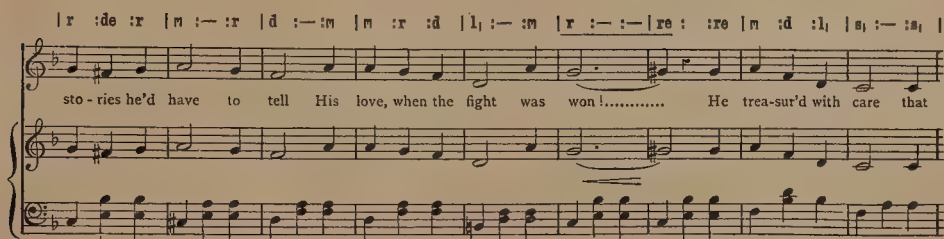
heart Till his eyes spoke the love which his lips could not ut-ter; But the last word is spo-ken, they kiss, and they part!

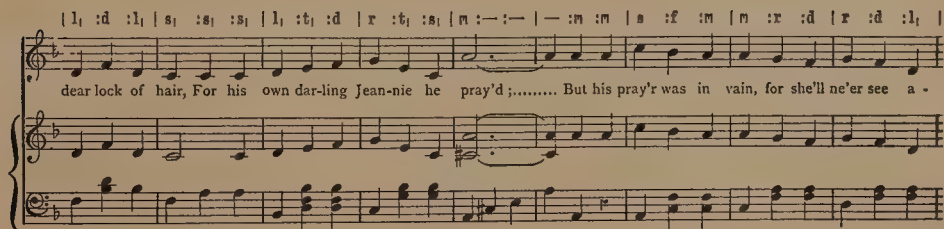
*cres.*

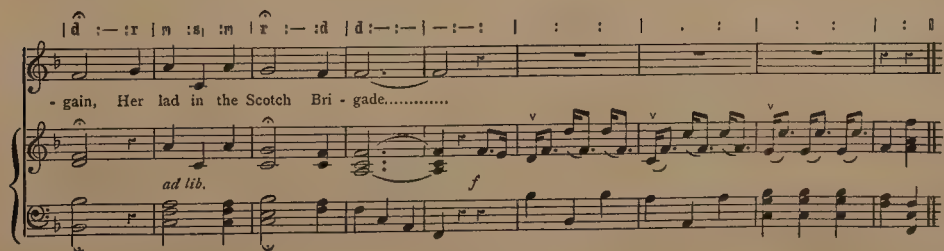


## CHORUS.


 O - ver the kop - jes, velt and ri - vers, Un - der a scorch - ing sun!..... He thought of the


 sto - ries he'd have to tell His love, when the fight was won!..... He trea-sur'd with care that


 dear lock of hair, For his own dar-ling Jean-nie he pray'd;..... But his pray'r was in vain, for she'll ne'er see a -


 - gain, Her lad in the Scotch Bri - gade.....  
*ad lib.* *f*

2.

Though an ocean divided the lad from his lassie,  
 Though Geordie was forced far away o'er the foam;  
 His roof was the sky, and his bed was the desert,  
 But his heart with his Jeannie was always at home.  
 The morning that dawned on the famed day of battle  
 Found Geordie enacting a true hero's part;  
 Till an enemy's bullet brought with it its billet,  
 And buried that dear lock of hair in his heart.

Over the kopjes, &amp;c.

3.

On the banks of the Clyde dwells a heart-broken mother,  
 They told her of how the great victory was won!  
 But the glory of England to her brought no comfort,  
 For glory to her meant the loss of her son.  
 But Jeannie is with her to comfort and shield her,  
 Together they weep, and together they pray;  
 And Jeannie her daughter will be while she lives,  
 For the sake of that laddie who died far away.

Over the kopjes, &amp;c.

*Dedicated to the Imperial Yeomanry Brigade serving at the front, under Lord Chesham.*

## THE YEOMEN OF OUR LAND.

Written by OSWALD ALLAN.  
*Moderato ma risoluto.*

Composed by GEORGE FOX.

PIANO. *f ben marcato.* *cres.*

Key E $\flat$

1. I have wan-der'd ov - er Eu-rope, I have seen its fin - est spots, I have

*f* *mf*

gazed on an-cient cas-tles, and on green em-bow-er'd cots; But a dear old Eng-lish Farm-house has a

*mf*

charm for me more grand, As the home of Eng-land's he-roes, stur-dy Yeo-men of our

*cres.*

## CHORUS.

land. They're the back-bone of the na-tion, and the Coun-try's hope and pride, For these jol-ly Eng-lish

Farm-ers... form a..... band,..... That, de-spite their hum-ble sta-tion, has a world wide re-pu-

1st and 2nd Verses.  
-ta-tion; Then God bless the hon-est Yeo-men, hon-est Yeo-men of our land.

3rd Verse.  
Yeo-men of our land.

2 They are ever free and hearty,  
They are always true and frank,  
But they truckle not to station,  
Nor bow down to wealth or rank!  
Though their fearless open features  
Are with sun and hard work tanned,—  
They have health that Kings might envy,  
These stout Yeomen of our land.  
CHORUS—They're the backbone, &c.

3 In the arts of peace they're foremost,  
But at home and far abroad  
They have proved, for countless ages,  
They can wield the Victor's sword!  
And if ere their Island's threatened,  
There's no force that could withstand  
The indomitable valour  
Of the Yeomen of our land.  
CHORUS—They're the backbone, &c.



# OUR KIN ACROSS THE SEA; OR, MOTHER ENGLAND'S SONS.

(A SONG OF GREATER BRITAIN.)

Written by HORACE LENNARD.

Composed by ALFRED LEE.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked *Moderato*. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F#, and G. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment: G-A-B-A-G-A-B-A. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final G note in the treble.

KEY G.  
|| m . f | m . s<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m . s : f . m | m . r : f<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | r : r . d |

1. Stretch-ing arms to - ward her chil - dren Stands the Queen - ly Mo - ther-land, For she

The vocal melody is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G, then eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F#, and G. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern as the introduction. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : r . s<sub>1</sub> | f . m : m . re | m : - s<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . d | m . m | f . m |

hears the sound of dan - ger, There are foes on ev - 'ry hand; But with all her sons a-round her, And her

The vocal melody continues with eighth notes G-A, B-C, D-E, F#-G, and A. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. Dynamics include *f* and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

l<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . de | r : r . m | s . f : l<sub>1</sub> . r | r . d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> . f : m . r | d : . ||

fight - ing, ~~no~~ un-fur'l'd, They will find that Mo - ther Eng-land, Is a match for all the world.

The vocal melody concludes with eighth notes G-A, B-C, D-E, F#-G, and A. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *f*.

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CHORUS. *Con spirito,*

Join hearts a - cross the sea, In love and loy - al - ty, For Eng - lish - men are

*1st p, 2nd ff* *cres.*

bro - thers, Wher - ev - er they may be; No more 'tis lit - tle Eng - land, The is - land of the

*mf*

free, We fight for Great - er Bri - tain, Our Em - pire o'er the Sea. Join Sea.

*f* *f* *f*

2.  
From the South rolls back the answer,  
From the East and West beside,  
We are thine, oh, Mother Country,  
Though the seas our shores divide;  
But our love can conquer distance,  
You can count on every son,  
And they'll find that we are with you  
If there's fighting to be done.

CHORUS—Join hearts across the sea, &c.

3.  
We are one in thought and language,  
We are one in heart and love,  
We are one in faith and worship  
Of the God who reigns above;  
And the blood that so unites us,  
Is the blood our fathers gave,  
To make our flag the emblem  
Of the noble and the brave.

CHORUS—Join hearts across the sea, &c.



# OLD ENGLAND NE'ER SHALL LOSE HER SWAY.

Written by FRANK W. GREEN.

Composed by ALFRED LEE.

PIANO. *Bold.* *mf* *p*

KEY C.

1. Old Eng-land ne'er shall lose her sway While Bri - tons are u - ni - ted, Full  
2. Let das-tards plot 'gainst Bri - tain's pow'r Their schemes can nev - er break it, As

*mf* *p* *cres.*

proud - ly her flag shall float for aye, And trai - tors flee af - fright-ed; Though  
of old they'll find in per - il's hour She'll find a way or make it. The

*mf* *cres.* *s.d.f.E.E.*

dan - ger loom up - on her track Still un-daun - ted she will  
Li - on Hearts of Eng - lish - men Beat for Eng - land as of

*p* *cres.* *dim.*



Cresc.

rall.

be, yore, For while a - ges roll, shall her fa - mous scroll Boast names of the Brave and Free.  
Let who may as-sail they nev - er will quail, They're true to the in - most core.

## CHORUS.

Old Eng - land shall nev - er lose her sway, While Bri - tons are u - ni - ted, Full

proud - ly her flag shall float for aye, And trai - vors flee af - fright - ed.



## THIRD VERSE.

Re - cords like ours shall still im - bu - e Us with the love of glo - ry, And

*mf* *p* *cres.*

what we have done we yet can do, Re - vi - ving each world - famed sto - ry; True

*mf* *cres.* *s.d.f.E.b.*

to our-selves and Eng - land too, We need fear no des - pot's

*p* *cres.* *dim.*

*C.f.s.d.* *Repeat Chorus.*

might, With hearts brave and bold our own we can hold, For God will de-fend the right.

*cres.* *cres.* *cres.*